Folly for the Wise

Carolyn Wells

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B. A. Bernstein

Folly for the Wise

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By

Carolyn Wells

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"Folly for the Wise"
is Dedicated
To
Those Who Are Wise Enough
To Know Folly
When They See Her

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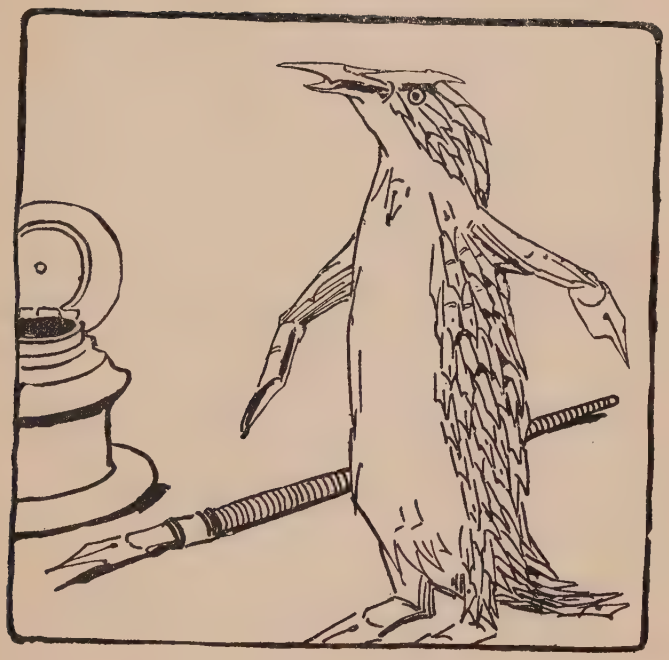
Folly for the Wise

COMPOUND ZOOLOGY

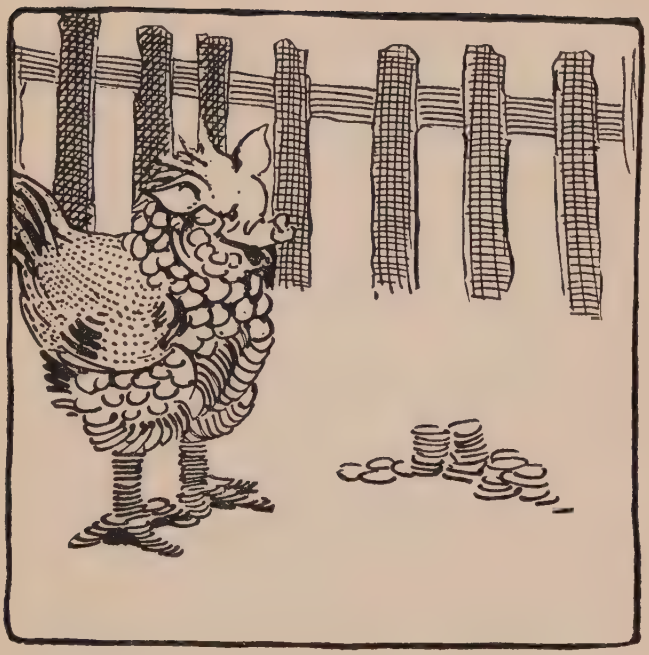


The Steel-Penguin

The Steel-Penguin is awfully proud,
And scratches obtrusively loud;
Though pens of a feather
May all flock together,
His nibs won't be seen in the crowd.

The Mint-Julepard

A Mint-Julepard flew at the throat
Of a man at a French table d'hôte;
Yet strange to relate,
The man met his fate
With a fortitude worthy of note.

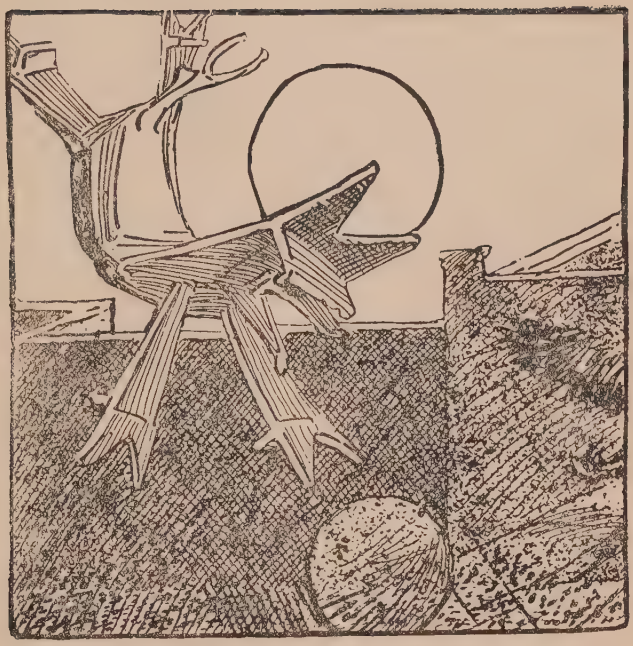


The Half-Guineapig

The Half-Guineapig is a freak,
For which many eagerly seek;
Though worthy of praise,
They're not easy to raise—
I haven't seen one for a week.

The Lollipopossum

The Lollipopossum, it seems,
Is made out of chocolate creams;
He hangs by his tail
From a bough or a rail,
And has most remarkable dreams.



The Boot-Jackal

The Boot-Jackal is deadly, though small;
He's so tame he will come at your call;
Or he'll whizz through the night,
Like a bird in full flight,
After cats on the back garden wall.

The Apple-Cormorant

Said an old Apple-Cormorant, "See?
I am found on my own family-tree.
The botanists say
I'm a wild bird of prey;
How little they know about me!"

The Salt-Porcupine

We see here a Sa.t-Porcupine
Who is kept in a barrel of brine;
Whenever he sleeps
He abundantly weeps,
To renew his surroundings saline.

The Ten-Centipede

The Ten-Centipede can not climb,
For each of his legs is a dime.
He's silver you see,
So he wants to be free,
But they keep him tied up all the time.

The Sweet-Peacock

A Sweet-Peacock once said: "I presume
I take up a great deal of room;
But of course you must see
It is necessaree,
As my feathers are all in full bloom."

Wall Street Bulls and Bears

A Wall Street Bull or Bear's a clever beast;
Usually smooth-skinned, though they're
sometimes fleeced.
They live on copper, cotton, oil or wheat,
Or anything they find upon the Street.
They watch the time for watering the stock,
Although they'd rather drink champagne
or hock.

The Red-Tapir

The Red-Tapir seems useless to me;
He lives in a desk, as you see;
He pokes his long nose
Into other folks' woes,
And then calmly asks for a fee.

The Clothes-Horse

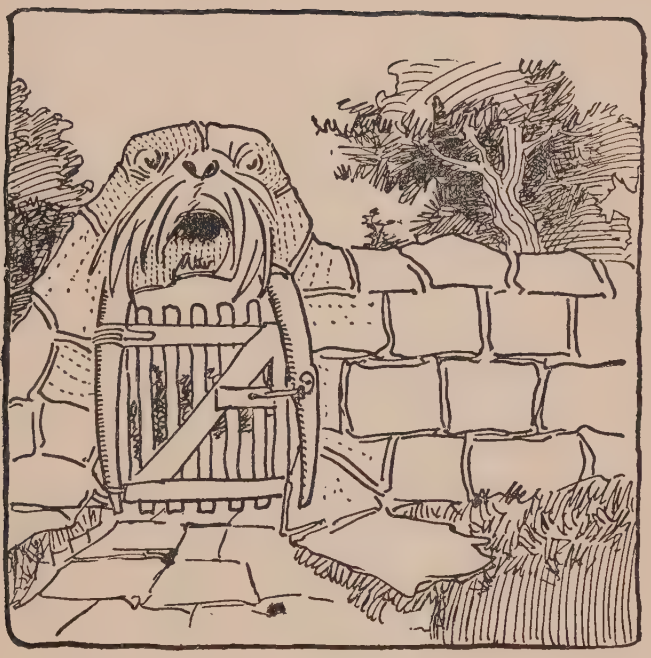
The Clothes-Horse, decked in brave array,
Caparisoned with trappings gay,
Without a doubt is of the breed
Of the old Trojans' famous steed.
And every year we gladly go
To see the festive clothes-horse show.

The Neck-Tiger

A Neck-Tiger who lived in a drawer
Said, "My limited scope I deplore;
But I will not demur,
Though I'd greatly prefer
To run in the jungle and roar."

The Billycock

The Billycock's a smart and handsome fowl,
Though gray and sober-colored as an owl.
It has no feathers; and it is a bird
That may be felt, though it can not be heard.
Though found above all human imperfections,
It sometimes makes a bet upon elections.

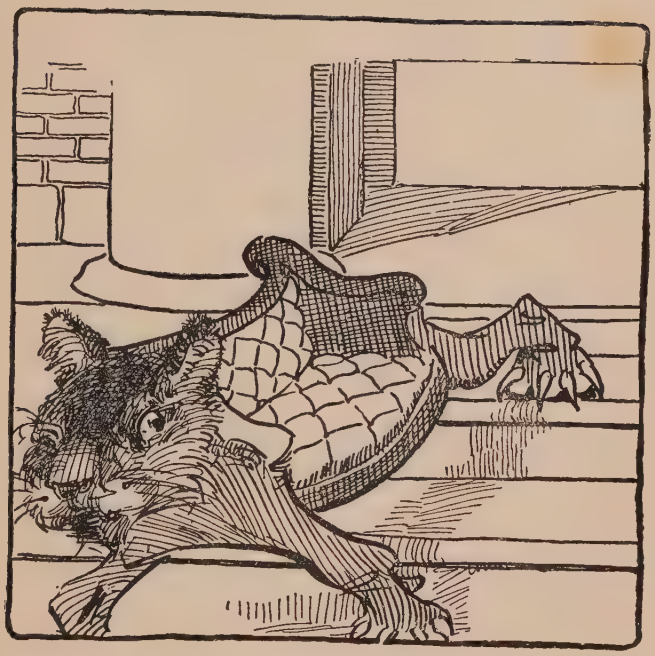


The Stone-Walrus

This Stone-Walrus is used as a guard
To keep people out of the yard.
It sighs for the sea,
And gets mad as can be,
And I must say I think it is hard.

The Vermicelliphant

The old Vermicelliphant went
Right into the big circus tent.
He forgot in his haste,
He was nothing but paste,
And he couldn't perform worth a cent.

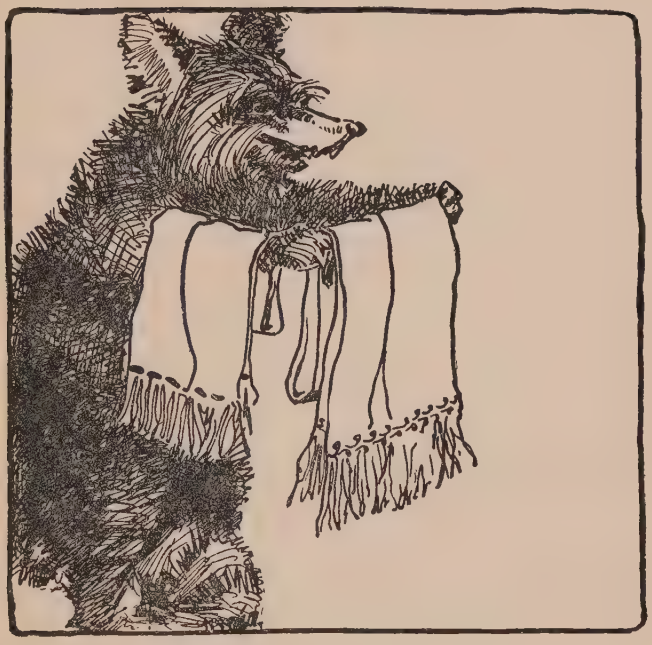


The Church-Puma

A Church-Puma exclaimed, "I declare
This is an extremely fine lair;
But they won't let me grunt,
And there's nothing to hunt,—
I'll just slip out during the prayer."

The Bananaconda

The Bananaconda is thin,
With a reddish or yellow skin.
He's not quite a brute,
Nor exactly a fruit,
Though to each of them he is akin.



The Towel-Racoon

The Towel-Racoon, it is said,
Is a patient and tame quadruped;
He's exceedingly strong,
And his legs, thin and long,
Proclaim him a true thoroughbred.

The Apple-Butterfly

Apple-Butterflies are very sweet,
And they're awfully good things to eat;
They're raised, you must know,
In the country, and so
At a farm-house you'll find them a treat.

ANIMAL STUDIES

How to Know the Wild Animals

If ever you should go by chance
To jungles in the East,
And if there should to you advance
A large and tawny beast—
If he roar at you as you're dyin',
You'll know it is the Asian Lion.

If, when in India loafing round,
A noble wild beast meets you,
With dark stripes on a yellow ground,
Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

When strolling forth, a beast you view
Whose hide with spots is peppered;
As soon as it has leapt on you,
You'll know it is the Leopard.
'T will do no good to roar with pain,
He'll only lep and lep again.

If you are sauntering round your yard,
And meet a creature there
Who hugs you very, very hard,
You'll know it is the Bear.
If you have any doubt, I guess
He'll give you just one more caress.

Whene'er a quadruped you view
Attached to any tree,
It may be 'tis the Wanderoo,
Or yet the Chimpanzee.
If right side up it may be both,
If upside down it is the Sloth.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus;
Yet from the Crocodile you may
Tell the Hyena, thus:
'Tis the Hyena if it smile;
If weeping, 'tis the Crocodile.

The true Chameleon is small—
A lizard sort of thing;
He hasn't any ears at all
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree
'Tis the Chameleon you see.

The Suicidal Cat

A little cat whose heart was broke
  Sat down one day and cried,
And with a deep, despairing sigh
  Resolved on suicide.
Saying, "Nobody in the world
  Would mourn me if I died!"

Nine lives the little cat had.
  Oh, his was a direful fate.
But he was cool and self-possessed,
  Extremely up-to-date;
He fired a well-aimed pistol-shot,
  And then his lives were eight.

His deadly purpose faltered not.
That night about eleven
He shut his door, turned on the gas,
And rolled his eyes toward heaven.
The night wore on. When morning came
His little lives were seven.

Next night the reckless little cat
Again approached the Styx;
He tied around his slender neck
Two awful heavy bricks.
A splash, a choke, a gurgle, and
His lives were then but six.

"Confound it!" cried the little cat,
"Why must I stay alive?
Is there no efficacious death
From which I can't revive?"
He bought a rope and hanged himself,
But still his lives were five.

Then fiercely raged the little cat,
And wickedly he swore.
He grasped the great big carving knife
And finished one life more;
And then he wondered how on earth
He'd fix the other four.

A while he pondered thoughtfully,
Then said, "It seems to me
To meet a passing railroad train
Expedient would be."
Suiting the action to the word,
The cat's lives now were three.

When he got up and shook himself,
He felt a trifle blue.
"Mine is indeed a strenuous death,"
He said. "What can I do?
Aha! some nitroglycerine!"
Full soon his lives were two.

"Well," he remarked contentedly,
"The deed is almost done;
I've very nearly severed
The thread the Fates have spun."
A teaspoonful of poison next
Reduced his lives to one.

A grin of satisfaction
Across his features spread.
"Now for the grand finale!"
The little cat then said.
He bought an automobile. Soon
The little cat was dead.

Wild Animals I Have Met

THE LION

I've met this beast in drawing-rooms,
'Mong ladies gay with silks and plumes.
He looks quite bored, and silly, too,
When he's held up to public view.
I think I like him better when
Alone I brave him in his den.

THE BEAR

I never seek the surly Bear,
But if I meet him in his lair
I say, "Good day, sir; sir, good day,"
And then make haste to get away.
It is no pleasure, I declare,
To meet the cross, ill-natured Bear.

THE GOOSE

I know it would be of no use
To say I'd never met a Goose.
There are so many all around,
With idle look and clacking sound.
And sometimes it has come to pass
I've seen one in my looking-glass.

THE DUCK

This merry one, with laughing eyes,
Not too sedate nor overwise,
Is best of comrades; frank and free,
A clever hand at making tea;
A fearless nature, full of pluck,
I like her well—she is a Duck.

THE CAT

The Cat's a nasty little beast;
She's seen at many a fête and feast.
She's spiteful, sly and double-faced,
Exceeding prim, exceeding chaste.
And while a soft, sleek smile she wears,
Her neighbor's reputation tears.

THE PUPPY

Of all the animals I've met
The Puppy is the worst one yet.
Clumsy and crude, he hasn't brains
Enough to come in when it rains.
But with insufferable conceit
He thinks that he is just too sweet.

THE KID

Kids are the funniest things I know;
Nothing they do but eat and grow.
They're frolicsome, and it is said
They eat tin cans and are not dead.
I'm not astonished at that feat,
For all things else I've seen them eat.

Manual of Manners for Young Animals

Dear Little Tiger, it is rude
To growl and grumble at your food;
So learn this lesson, I implore you,—
Always eat what's placed before you.

Dear Little Whale, let me entreat
That you will keep quite clean and neat;
Pray do not storm and rage with wrath
When you are told to take a bath.

Dear Little Owl, try to be good
And mind your mother as you should;
With cheerful smile forsake your play
When sent to take a nap each day.

Dear Little Bear, affectionate be
  Toward all the people that you see;
Heed not their cold and haughty shrugs
  But greet them with endearing hugs.

My Dear Hyena, your sweet smile
  Proves that you have no thought of guile;
But when you meet a timid man
  Pray laugh as little as you can.

Dear Little Leopard, have you tried
  To clean those spots from off your hide?
If soap and sand will not succeed,
  Then gasoline is what you need.

HOW TO TELL THE WILD FLOWERS

The Saratoga Trunk

The Saratoga Trunk I find
To be the largest of its kind.
'Tis old and hollow, and perhaps
That's why it's fastened round with straps;
But look inside—it seems to be
The trunk of some old family tree.

The Hat Tree

The curious Hat Tree has no roots,
But often it hangs full of fruits;
Broad-leafed varieties are seen;
They're black or yellow, white or green;
And sometimes the strange fruit it grants
Of umbrella trees or rubber plants.

Gold Carats

Gold Carats in the West are found.
They are dug up from good, rich ground,
Yellow and fine, by all they're sought,
And in the market may be bought.
On rich men's tables they are placed,
Though many question their good taste.

Wild Oats

Wild Oats are sown by many a fop,
  Who is dismayed to see the crop.
He goes to threshing with a vim,
  (The threshing should be given to him!)
Alas! the oats he can't remove—
  A food for nightmares oft they prove.

Widow's Weeds

A crop of Widow's Weeds they say,
May spring up in a single day.
If watered with a rain of tears
The crop will sometimes last for years;
But Time may mow them down apace
And orange blossoms take their place.

The Society Bud

A house-plant;—in a heated room
  This little bud is forced to bloom;
'Tis young and small and somewhat green,
  Close to the parent stem 'tis seen,
And if it ventures but to speak,
  A blush comes to its soft, pink cheek.

The Electric-Light Plant

Here's the Electric-Light Plant; see
How bright its blossoms seem to be.
Afar it spreads its branching routes;
Electric currents are its fruits.
It is a house-plant; in our rooms
We may enjoy its brilliant blooms.

The Raspberry Shrub

Next of the Raspberry Shrub I'll tell.
By glass protected, it thrives well.
Like to the mushroom, it is found
In dark, damp cellars underground.
It needs no watering at all,
And ripens in the early fall.

A Wallflower

A faded Wallflower we may spy,
Hardy, perennial, five feet high.
It clings to walls of drawing-rooms,
It leaves quite late and never blooms.
If it were but a bud, ah, then
'Twould be much more admired by men.

Fly-Leaves

Of surface smooth and texture fine,
  These leaves have neither vein nor line.
They're found in groups of two or three:
  Of little use they seem to be.
Even in autumn, it is said,
  Though they may turn, they are not read.

The Square Root

The Square Root is not nice a bit.
Mathematicians dig for it;
They seem to relish it, but I
Think it exceeding hard and dry.
Yet 'tis of use, for I suppose
From it a branch of learning grows.

Maxioms

Reward is its own virtue.
The wages of sin is alimony.
Money makes the mayor go.
A penny saved spoils the broth.
Of two evils, choose the prettier.
There's no fool like an old maid.
Make love while the moon shines.
Where there's a won't there's a way.
Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.
A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.
A living gale is better than a dead calm.
A fool and his money corrupt good manners.

A word in the hand is worth two in the ear.

A man is known by the love-letters he keeps.

A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.

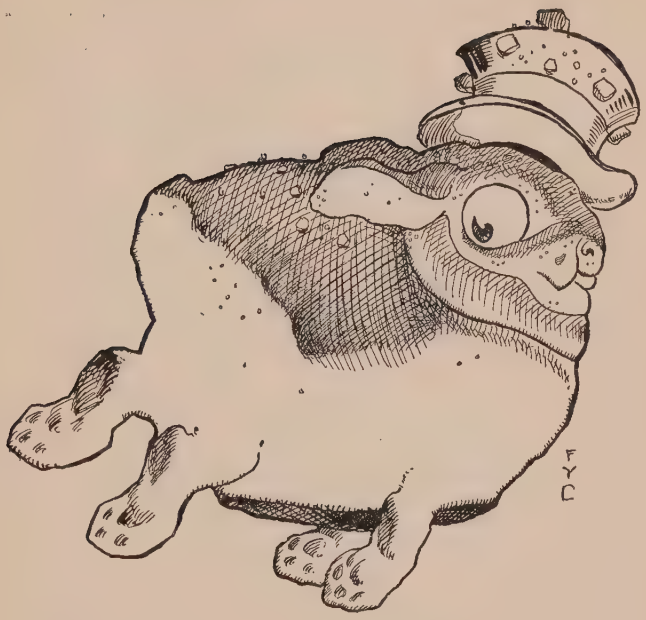
Whosoever thy hands find to do, do with thy might.

It's a wise child who knows less than his own father.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-night.

He who loves and runs away, may live to love another day.

A BAKER'S DOZEN OF WILD BEASTS

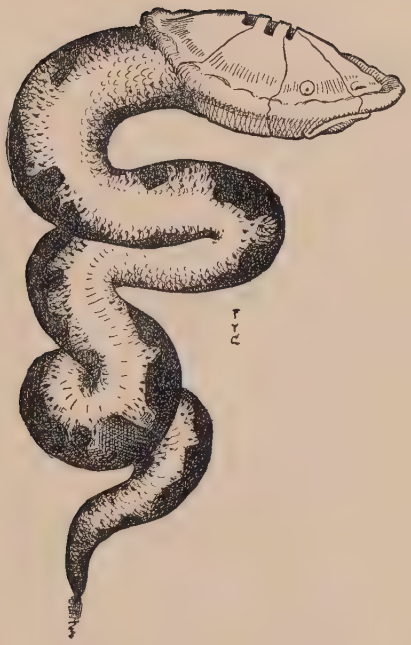


The Bath-Bunny

The Bath-Bunny is chubby and fat;
He has citron stuck into his hat;
And sugar is spread
All over his head,
But he cares not a penny for that.

The White Charlotte-Rooster

The White Charlotte-Rooster averred
At the cake-walk he'd beat every bird;
Of course he was whipped,
Though he hopped and he skipped
In a manner extremely absurd.

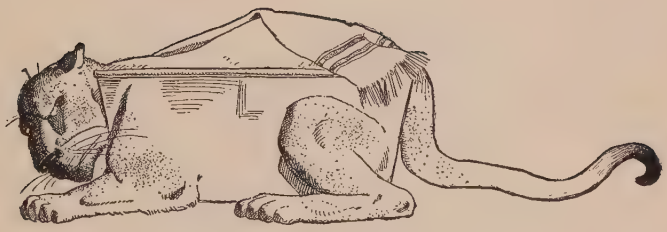


The Mince-Python

The Mince-Python 's a crusty old beast,
But a spirited guest at a feast;
One night at my niece's
He went all to pieces,
Or felt awfully cut up, at least.

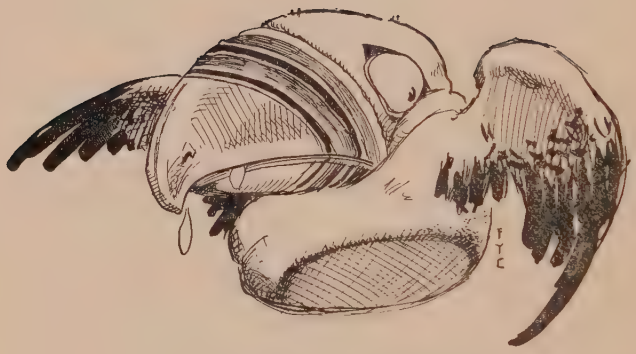
A Little Biscuitten

A little Biscuitten said, "How
Shall I open my mouth when I meow?
For I can not adjust
My crisp upper crust,
And I don't like to wrinkle my brow."



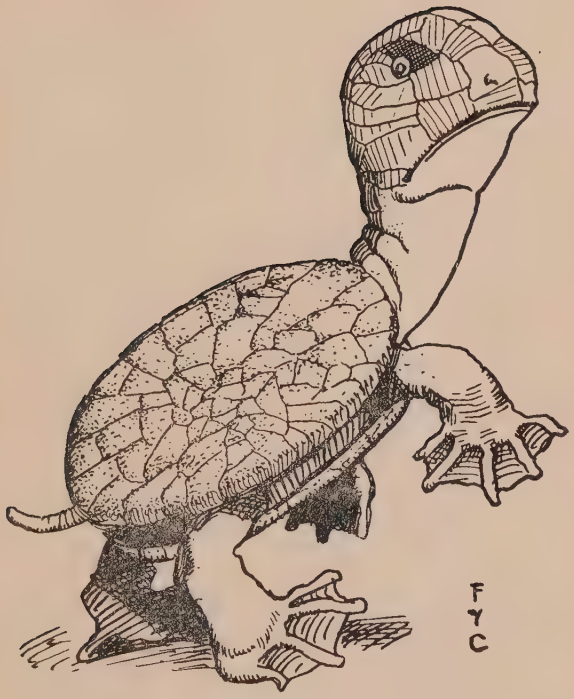
The Bread-Panther

The Bread-Panther remarked with a scowl:
"I wish I could go out and prowl!
It 's so awfully slow
To sit here and hold dough,
Though it 's all covered up with a towel."



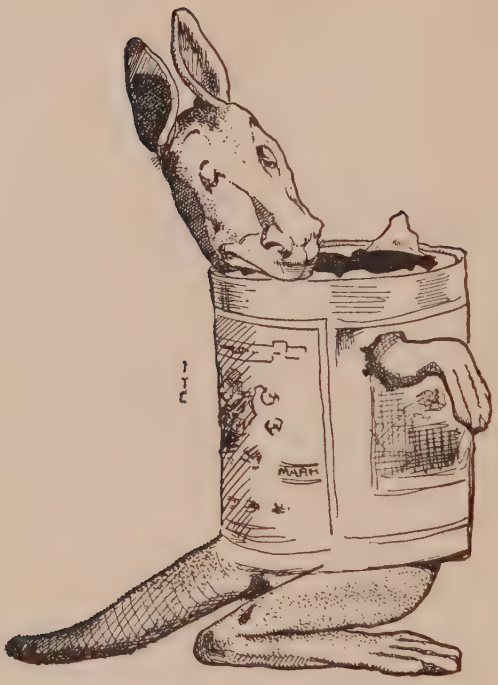
The Cream-Puffin

The Cream-Puffin, who lives upon custard,
One day grew quite angry, and blustered;
When they said, "Will he bite?"
He replied, "Well I might
If you sprinkle me thickly with mustard."



The Small Ginger-Snapper

The small Ginger-Snapper in glee
Said, "I'm going to swim in the sea."
When they said, "You'll be drowned!"
Quite darkly he frowned,
Saying, "That doesn't matter to me."



The Tin-Cangaroo

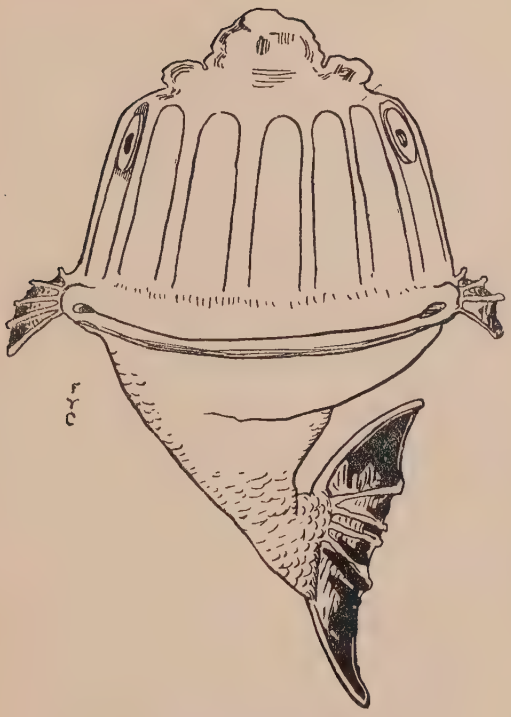
There was an old Tin-Cangaroo,
And very conceited he grew,
For in all of the shops
They noticed his hops,
Which were found in the yeast he would brew.

The Meringue-Utang

The Meringue-Utang rose on the sly,
And climbed to the top of a pie;
They beat him to froth,
And he felt very wroth,
But he only said calmly, "Oh, my!"

The Flapjackal

The Flapjackal's dearest desire
Was to lie by a very hot fire;
When he found he was burned,
He suddenly turned
With a gesture expressive of ire.



The Wine-Jelly-Fish

The Wine-Jelly-Fish will not scold
If the weather 's sufficiently cold;
And though the queer creature
Has scarcely a feature,
He is proud of his form, I am told.

The Corn-Pone-y

The timid Corn-Pone-y's heart fluttered,
But never a sentence he uttered,
Until somebody said,
"Pray, are you well-bred?"
And he answered, "I'm very well buttered."

The Stone-Crockodile

On a shelf sat a Stone-Crockodile
Who had a phenomenal smile;
If you offered him lard
He winked very hard,
And he ate an astonishing pile.

The Pastry-Cuckoo

Then in came the Pastry-Cuckoo,
And she said to the animals, "Shoo!"
With roars of delight
They were soon out of sight;
Some ran, some hopped, and some flew.

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

For the Very Young

The Sole is a fish of pale, pearly hues;
From him we may get sole leather for shoes.

The Hornet is pretty, he hovers round hives;
From him we obtain horn handles for knives.

The Mo is a beast found in Tibet, I guess;
From him we procure mohair for a dress.

The Tapir is useful, as you may suppose;
From him we get tape to sew on our clothes.

The Bunting 's a bird that lives in the trees;
From him we make flags which wave in the
breeze.

The Butterfly seems to be useful, indeed;
From him we get butter, which all of us need.

The Jellyfish lives in the depths of the sea;
From him we get jelly to eat at our tea.

The Penguin 's a bird that walks, flies or floats;
From him we get pens to write letters and notes.

The Electric Eel shines by day and by night;
From him we obtain electrical light.

The Ring-Dove is gray, with dark, glossy wings;
From him we get ruby and diamond rings.

Advice to Children

For a domestic, gentle pet,
A hippopotamus I'd get—
They're very kind and mild.
I'm sure if you but purchase one
You'll find 'twill make a lot of fun
For any little child.

Select one of a medium size,
With glossy fur and soft blue eyes,
Then brush and comb him well.
With wreaths of flowers his forehead deck,
And from a ribbon round his neck
Suspend a silver bell.

If it should be a rainy day,
Up in the nursery he will play
With Baby, Tot and Ted;
Upon the rocking-horse he'll ride,
Or merrily he'll run and hide
Beneath a chair or bed.

And when he wants to take a nap,
He'll cuddle up in Totty's lap,
As quiet as a mouse.
Just try it, and you'll soon agree
A hippopotamus should be
A pet in every house.

The Adventures of Little Katy

Little Katy wandered where
  She espied a Grizzly Bear.
Noticing his savage wrath,
  Katy kicked him from her path.

Little Katy, darling child,
  Met a Leopard, fierce and wild;
Ere the ugly creature sped off,
  Little Katy bit his head off.

Katy, in her best blue cape,
  Met a furious angry Ape;
But his rage received a check,—
  Little Katy wrung his neck.

Little Katy met a Lion;
From starvation he was dyin'.
Though misfortune hadn't crushed him,
Katy stepped on him and squshed him.

Little Katy, near the Niger,
Met a big, blood-thirsty Tiger;
Tied a brick around his throat,
Went and drowned him in the moat.

Little Katy had a fuss
With a Hippopotamus;
Though the beast was somewhat weighty,
He was soon knocked out by Katy.

Little Katy flushed with ire
As a hungry Wolf came nigh her.
So impertinent was he,
Katy chased him up a tree.

Little Katy, once by chance
Met a drove of Elephants;
Katy, fearing they might crowd her,
Scattered round some Persian powder.

A Lesson in Household Pets

Dear Child, who wants a household pet,
For you these lines are written.
Don't let your Aunt or Mother get
A bird, or dog, or kitten,
But tell them, for a pleasant change
From those old hackneyed creatures,
You'd like a beast of wider range
And less familiar features.

For nature's lessons can't be learned
In school-room or in college;
But by proximity discerned
Is perfect nature knowledge.
So do not tramp the wild, wet wood,
And get all damp and muddy;
But in your nursery, sweet and good,
Pursue your nature study.

So, Child, whatever be your age,
Instead of a Canary,
Just keep within your gilded cage
A pretty Dromedary.
'Twill teach you more of nature-lore
Than wearisome researches,
To hear the little darling roar,
And hop about on perches.

A few nice Jaguars will give
A lot more fun than rabbits;
Then you can notice how they live
And study their queer habits.
And I'm prepared to guarantee,
If you like life and action,
Two Jaguars, or maybe three,
Will give you satisfaction.

When you by day are playing round,
Or when at night you're sleeping,
A pet Rhinoceros, I've found
Will well repay the keeping.

By day he'll willingly be fed
With all the folks provide you;
At night, upon your little bed,
He'll cuddle down beside you.

Of course it may not seem to you
I've mentioned very many,
But I have just picked out a few
Which I think best of any.
If you make Aunt or Mother get
All these I've recommended,
Your poor old-fashioned household pet
Will find its reign is ended.

Our Polite Parents

SEDATE MAMMA

When guests were present, dear little Mabel
Climbed right up on the dinner-table
And naughtily stood upon her head!
"I wouldn't do that, dear," Mamma said.

MERRY MOSES

Merry, funny little Moses
Burnt off both his brothers' noses;
And it made them look so queer
Mamma said, "Why, Moses, dear!"

JOHNNY'S FUN

Johnny climbed up on the bed,
And hammered nails in Mamma's head.
Though the child was much elated,
Mamma felt quite irritated.

A MERRY GAME

Betty and Belinda Ames
Had the pleasantest of games;
'Twas to hide from one another
Marmaduke, their baby brother.

Once Belinda, little love,
Hid the baby in the stove;
Such a joke! for little Bet
Hasn't found the baby yet.

TOM AND GRANDPA

From his toes up to his shins
Tom stuck Grandpa full of pins;
Although Tom the fun enjoyed,
Grandpapa was quite annoyed.

BABY'S LOOKS

Bobby with the nursery shears
Cut off both the baby's ears;
At the baby, so unsightly,
Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

JEANETTE'S PRANKS

One night, Jeanette, a roguish little lass,
Sneaked in the guest room and turned on the gas;
When morning dawned the guest was dead in
bed,
But "Children will be children," Mamma said.

The Experiences of Gentle Jane

THE CARNIVOROUS BEAR.

Gentle Jane went walking, where
She espied a Grizzly Bear;
Flustered by the quadruped
Gentle Jane just lost her head.

THE RUDE TRAIN

Last week Tuesday, gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Ah, good afternoon," she said;
But the train just cut her dead.

THE CARELESS NIECE

Once her brother's child, for fun,
Pointed at her aunt a gun.
At this conduct of her niece's
Gentle Jane went all to pieces.

THE NAUGHTY AUTOMOBILE

Gentle Jane went for a ride,
But the automobile shied;
Threw the party all about—
Somehow, Jane felt quite put out.

THE COLD, HARD LAKE.

Gentle Jane went out to skate;
She fell through at half-past eight.
Then the lake, with icy glare,
Said, "Such girls I can not bear."

THE CALM STEAM-ROLLER

In the big steam-roller's path
Gentle Jane expressed her wrath.
It passed over. After that
Gentle Jane looked rather flat.

A NEW EXPERIENCE

Much surprised was gentle Jane
When a bullet pierced her brain;
"Such a thing as that," she said,
"Never came into my head!"

THE BATTERING-RAM

"Ah!" said gentle Jane, "I am
Proud to meet a battering-ram."
Then, with shyness overcome,
Gentle Jane was just struck dumb.

More Maxioms

Circumstances alter faces.

Modesty is the best policy.

Quacks are stubborn things.

Seize time by the love-lock.

Home was not built in a day.

A rolling gait gathers remorse.

None but the brave go to a fair.

A little loving is a dangerous thing.

Society 's the mother of convention.

Only a fool never minds his change.

Charity uncovers a multitude of sins.

A church fair exchange is often robbery.

It's a wise girl who knows her own mind.

The love of money is the root of all pessimism.

Let us eat, drink and be married, for tomorrow we dye.

Loneliness

The weary, dreary hours drag by—
  The clocks strike now and then;
Impassively I wonder why,—
  And then I wonder when.

ABOUT BOOKS

The Turnings of a Bookworm

Love levels all plots.
Dead men sell no tales.
A new boom sweeps clean.
Circumstances alter bookcases.
The more haste the less read.
Too many books spoil the trade.
Many hands make light literature.
Epigrams cover a multitude of sins.
Ye can not serve Art and Mammon.
A little sequel is a dangerous thing.
It's a long page that has no turning.
Don't look a gift-book in the binding.
A gilt-edged volume needs no accuser.

In a multitude of characters there is safety.

Incidents will happen even in the best regulated novels.

One touch of Nature makes the whole book sell.

Where there's a will there's a detective story.

A book in the hand is worth two in the library.

An ounce of invention is worth a pound of style.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great characters.

Where there's so much puff, there must be some buyer.

Inside Facts About Authors

For how much did Eugene Sue?
For what he let George Borrow.

But wasn't he Owen Wister?
Yes, but so did Harriet Martineau.

When did George Ade?
When he found Clement Shorter.

Why did Abigail Dodge?
Because she thought she saw Elmore Elliott Peake.

Why didn't Charles Dudley Warner?
Because he was watching Josephine Dodge Daskam.

Why did Josephine Dodge Daskam?
Because she had George Wither.

Why did Charles Lever?
Because he didn't wish to see Samuel Lover.

What made Victoria Crosse?
Because Albert Herter.

What made Winston Churchill?
Because he let Eliza Cook.

Why couldn't Joseph Cook?
He didn't ask Julia Ward Howe.

Why was Madeleine Lucette Ryley?
Because Elizabeth Custer.

What made Oscar Wilde?
To see George Madden Martin.

Why is it William Dean Howells?
Because he saw John Boyle O'Reilly.

What gave Albert Bigelow Paine?
To see Grace Duffie Boylan.

What made Maxwell Gray?
Because he saw Jesse Lynch Williams.

How do you know Mrs. Campbell Praed?
Because Johann Herder.

Whom will Mrs. Humphry Ward?
Hamilton Wright Mabie.

What did William Ware?
John Godfrey Saxe and Edward Noyes Westcott.

Why was Irving Bacheller?
Because he couldn't Marie Corelli.

When was John Gay?
When he saw Henry Blake Fuller.

When did Anthony Hope?
When he saw Robert Treat Paine.

When did Susan Marr Spalding?
When she saw Julia Dent Grant.

What is it William Hazlitt?
The Henry Francis Lyte.

Is that the kind Robert Burns?
Yes, and I saw Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

Why doesn't Clara Louise Burnham?
She and Molly Elliot Seawell enough without.

Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
On A. Quiller Couch.

When did James Berry Bensel?
After he had William Hearst.

Where was Charles Buxton Going?
To see where had Curtis Hidden Page.

Authorized Versions

Anstey is the best policy.
Seize time by the Sherlock.
Love laughs at Hop Smiths.
Read Hay while the sun shines.
Of two Egglestons choose the less.
S. Weir Mitchell makes a muckle.
A little Tolstoi is a dangerous thing.
Give Ade to him that asketh of thee.
It's a long Taine that has no learning.
A Meredith doeth good like medicine.
The Stevenson who collaborates is lost.
Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Hope springs eternal in the autumn lists.

A little more than Poe and less than poet.

Roe's by any other name would sell as well.

Don't kill the goose that wrote the Golden Girl.

Don't count your Dickens before they are matched.

Where ignorance is Bliss Carman, 'tis folly to be wise.

One touch of Kipling makes the whole world Kim.

One must have a long spoon to eat with Mary MacLane.

Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what crimes are committed in thy name!

FOR CHRISTMAS

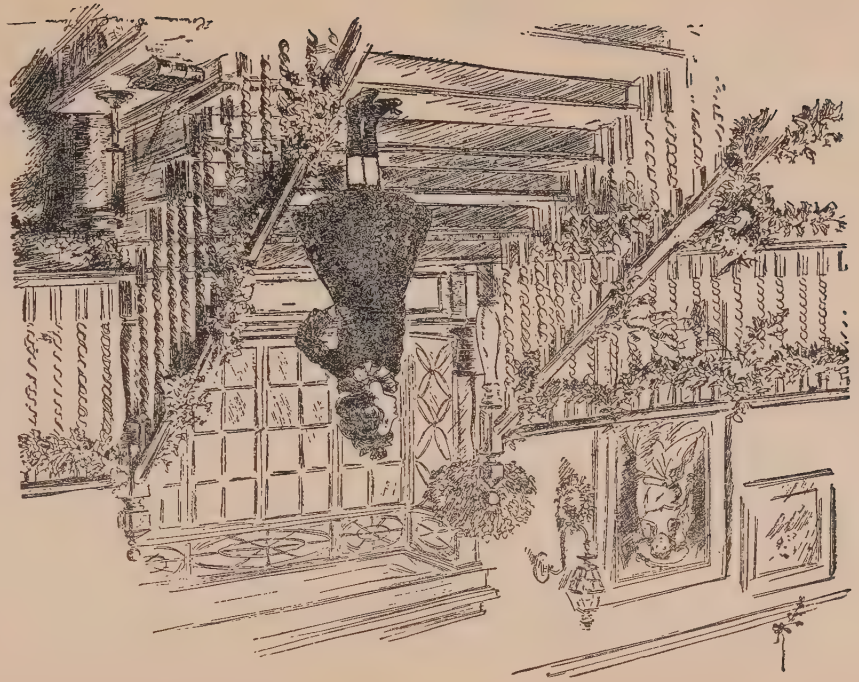
A Christmas Thought

'Tis blessed to bestow, and yet,
Could we bestow the gifts we get,
And keep the ones we give away,
How happy were our Christmas Day!

Out of All Proportion

On Christmas Eve, as pretty Jane
Came tripping down the stair,
The spicy smell of Christmas greens
Pervaded all the air.

"Now this I can not understand,"
Said Jane. "Why is it so?
A hundred sprays of holly
And but one of mistletoe!"



Retribution

"My daughter, surely you've received
  Full many a Christmas present.
What makes you look so sad and grieved?
  Why can't you look more pleasant?"

"Oh, mother dear," Susanna sniffed,
  "To-morrow I must write
A note of thanks for every gift
  That I've received to-night!"

A Needed Institution

"Oh, sir, what is this place so strange,
Filled full of trinkets fine?"
"This is the Christmas Gift Exchange,
A clever plan of mine.

Your misfit presents here may be
Exchanged for others that you see."
I turned my head and laughed aloud
To see the eager, hurrying crowd.

CIGARS
HINTS TO THE BEAU-TIFUL
COOK BOOK
LOVE SONNETS
Tool
CHEST

Mixed Maxims

Virtue is the best policy.

The mare makes money go.

Little pitchers save the nine.

It's an ill wind that sweeps clean.

The love of money levels all ranks.

The wind bloweth where it is listed.

A friend in need is the thief of time.

A bird in the hand is as good as a feast.

In a multitude of consols there is safety.

Uneasy lies the head that has no turning.

A stitch in time is worth two in the side.

The course of true love waits for no man.

A word to the wise is the root of all evil.

One swallow does not make the world go round.

VERSE AND WORSE

A Tragic Calendar

JANet was quite ill one day,
FEBrile troubles came her way.
MARtyr-like she lay in bed,
APRoned nurses softly sped.
"MAYbe," said the leech, judicial,
"JUNket would be beneficial."
JULeps, too, though freely tried,
AUGured ill, for Janet died.
SEPulcher was sadly made,
OCTaves pealed and prayers were said.
Novices with many a tear
DECorated Janet's bier.

An Irritator

The early bird was singing
And the sun was shining bright.
I seized my morning paper
To read about the fight;
But this sentence caught my notice
As I scanned it o'er in haste:
"A tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

You remember certain trip-slips
For a five- or ten-cent fare;
How they wearied all the passengers
And made them want to swear;
But that old and worn-out nuisance
May be worthily replaced
By "A tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

I tried to read the sporting news
Or bulletins of war;
That horrid old advertisement
Kept ringing o'er and o'er.
Across the editorials
The silly words seemed traced—
"A tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

I attempted conversation,
And I found, to my dismay,
That single wretched sentence
Was all that I could say.
I tried to eat my breakfast,
But I only seemed to taste
"A tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

I suppose some clever agent
Penned that enterprising ad;
I want to see the fellow,
And I want to see him bad.

On all his best belongings
I wish that I could paste
"A tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

And now, O gentle reader,
In a wicked hope that you
May fall a victim to its spell,
I write the line anew,
And, graven on your memory,
From mine may be effaced
The "tissue-paper pattern
Of a tucked shirt-waist."

Stage Whispers

Deadheads tell no tales.

Stars are stubborn things.

All's not bold that titters.

Contracts make cowards of us all.

One good turn deserves an encore.

A little actress is a dangerous thing.

It's a long skirt that has no turning.

Stars rush in where angels fear to tread.

Managers never hear any good of themselves.

A manager is known by the company he keeps.

A plot is not without honor save in comic opera.

Take care of the dance and the songs will take care of themselves.

Inside Facts

You see, all her people were eager
To have it hushed up very soon;
So the statement, explicit though meager,
"The dish ran away with the spoon,"
Was all the reporter could gather
Of her sudden elopement with him—
And of course you'll admit it was rather
Provokingly slim.

But I've since heard the truth of the matter;
I'll tell it to you, if you wish.
There was much idle gossip and chatter,
And every one blamed the poor dish.
You see, she was awfully pretty,
And belonged to a very rich set;
And the spoon—well, of course 'twas a pity
That ever they met.

The meeting was quite accidental;
It occurred at a dinner one night.
And as both were a bit sentimental,
Of course it was love at first sight.
The spoon to the end of his handle
With sudden emotion was thrilled;
While the dish, never dreaming of scandal,
With rapture was filled.

Then the spoon grew more recklessly daring;
He was fond as a lover could be;
All sorts of rash vows he was swearing,
And he murmured, "Sweet dish, fly with me!"
"I will,"—and the dish smiled with pleasure.
The first chance to fly they embraced;
And now they're repenting at leisure
For wedding in haste.

Wiseacreage

Love is a fancy founded on fact.

Happiness is the ability to recognize it.

The way to do some things is to do them.

Woman is made for man to come back to.

At times there is nothing so unnatural as nature.

It is the tiny flaw that makes perfection flawless.

Flirtation envies Love, and Love envies Flirtation.

Contentment is the result of a limited imagination.

Purity is not ignorance; it is taste in the selection of experiences.

Some smiles look as if they had been done up in curl-papers over night.

The greatest cleverness is in knowing just when to hide one's cleverness.

We should live and learn; but by the time we've learned, it's too late to live.

To be happy, one must have an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense.

HINTS ON TABLE ETIQUETTE

To a Baked Fish

Preserve a respectful demeanor
When you are brought into the room;
Don't stare at the guests while they're eating,
No matter how much they consume.

To Lettuce

The humblest are counted the wisest,
The modest are lauded the most;
Don't have a big head because sometimes
You sit on the right of the host.

To Lamb Chops

If there are only ladies at luncheon,—
It being a feminine feast,—
You then may appear in curl-papers;
No one will object in the least.

To the Morning Paper

By the family you're welcomed at breakfast,
Your presence, indeed, they expect;
But pray do not come in your wrapper—
It isn't considered correct.

To a Salad

The lady whose costume is smartest
May not be the most honored guest;
Don't think you are better than others
Because you are very well dressed.

To Cucumbers

Who rashly gives way to his temper
Is often considered a fool;
Although they may call you a green one,
Just try to keep perfectly cool.

To the Butter

To exercise just before meal-time
The doctors declare is quite wrong;
So don't run when dinner is waiting,
Especially if you're not strong.

Inexpensive Cynicisms

Poets are born not maids.

Flirtation is the thief of time.

A pitch in time saved the nine.

Every dogma must have its day.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

'Tis a mean door that hath no keyhole.

It's a wise child that owes his own father.

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

A man is known by the trumpery he keeps.

A profit is not without honor save in Boston.

The course of true love is the route of all evil.

One touch of nature makes the whole world blush.

The milk of human kindness never did run smooth.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

MIXED MORALS

The Two New Houses

Once on a Time, there were Two Men, each of whom decided to build for himself a Fine, New House.

One Man, being of an Arrogant and Conceited Nature, took counsel of Nobody, but declared that he would build his House to suit himself.

"For," said he, "since it is My House and I am to Live in It, why should I ask the Advice of my Neighbors as to its Construction?"

While the House was Building, the Neighbors came often and Looked at it, and went away, Whispering and Wagging their Heads in Derision.

But the Man paid no Heed, and continued to build his House as he Would.

The Result was that, when completed, his House was lacking in Symmetry and Utility,

and in a Hundred ways it was Unsatisfactory, and for each Defect there was a Neighbor who said, "Had you asked Me, I would have Warned you against that Error."

The Other Man, who was of a Humble and Docile Mind, went to Each of his Neighbors in Turn, and asked Advice about the Building of his House.

His Friends willingly and at Great Length gave him the Benefit of their Experiences and Opinions, and the Grateful Man undertook to Follow Out all their Directions.

The Result was that his House, when finished, was a Hodge-Podge of Varying Styles and Contradictory Effects, and Exceedingly Uncomfortable and Inconvenient to Live In.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that In a Multitude of Counselors there is Safety, and that Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth.

The Two Suitors

Once on a Time there was a Charming Young Maiden who had Two Suitors.

One of These, who was of a Persistent and Persevering Nature, managed to be Continually in the Young Lady's Company.

He would pay her a visit in the Morning, Drop In to Tea in the Afternoon, and Call on her Again in the Evening.

He took her Driving, and he Escorted her to the Theater. He would take her to a Party, and then he would Dance, or Sit on the Stairs, or Flit into the Conservatory with her.

The Young Lady admired this man but she Wearied of his never-ceasing Presence, and she Said to Herself, "If he were not Always at my Elbow I should Better Appreciate his Good Qualities."

The Other Suitor, who considered himself a Man of Deep and Penetrating Cleverness, said to himself, "I will Go Away for a Time, and then my Fair One will Realize my Worth and Call Me Back to Her."

With a sad Visage he made his Adieus, and he Exacted her Pledge to Write to him Occasionally. But after he had Gone she Forgot her Promise, and Soon she Forgot his Very Existence.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, and that Out of Sight is Out of Mind.

The Two Farmers

Once on a Time there were Two Farmers who wished to Sell their Farms.

To One came a Buyer who offered a Fair Price, but the Farmer refused to Sell, saying he had heard rumors of a Railroad which was to be Built in his Vicinity, and he hoped The Corporation would buy his Farm at a Large Figure.

The Buyer therefore went Away, and as the Railroad never Materialized, the Farmer Sorely Regretted that he lost a Good Chance.

The Other Farmer Sold his Farm to the First Customer who came Along, although he Received but a Small Price for it. Soon Afterward a Railroad was Built right through the Same Farm, and The Railroad Company paid an Enormous Sum for the Land.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that a Bird In The Hand is worth Two In The Bush, and The Patient Waiter Is No Loser.

The Two Brothers

Once on a Time there were Two Brothers who Set Out to make their Way In The World.

One was of a Roving Disposition, and no sooner had he settled Down to Live in One Place than he would Gather Up all his Goods and Chattels and Move to another Place. From here again he would Depart and make him a Fresh Home, and so on until he Became an Old Man and had gained neither Fortune nor Friends.

The Other, being Disinclined to Change or Diversity of Scene, remained all his Life in One Place. He therefore Became Narrow-Minded and Provincial, and gained None of the Culture and Liberality of Nature which comes from Contact with various Scenes of Life.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that a Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss, and a Setting Hen Never Grows Fat.

The Two Ladies

Once on a Time there were Two Ladies at a Shop where Gorgeous and Expensive Silks were temptingly displayed. "Only Six Dollars a Yard, Madam," said the Shopman to One of the Ladies, as he held up the Lustrous Breadths in those Tempting Fan-shaped Folds peculiar to Shopmen.

The Lady hesitated, and looked Dubiously at the Silk, for she knew it was Beyond her Means.

The Shopman Continued: "Very Cheap at the Price, and I have Only this One Dress Pattern remaining. You will Take it? Yes? Certainly, I will Send it at Once."

The Lady went away filled with Deep Regret because she had Squandered her Money so Foolishly, and wished she had been Firm in her Refusal to buy the Goods.

The Other Lady saw a similar Silk. She felt it Between her Fingers, Measured its Width with her Eye, and then said Impulsively, "Oh, That is just What I Want. I will Take Twenty Yards."

No Sooner was the Silk cut off than the Lady felt Sharp Twinges of Remorse, for she knew she must Pay for it with the Money she had Saved Up for a new Dining-Room Carpet.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that the Woman Who Deliberates Is Lost, and That We Should Think Twice Before We Speak Once.

The Two Young Men

Once on a Time there were Two Young Men of Promising Capabilities.

One pursued no Especial Branch of Education, but Contented himself with a Smattering of many different Arts and Sciences, exhibiting a Moderate Proficiency in Each. When he Came to Make a Choice of some means of Earning a Livelihood, he found he was Unsuccessful, for he had no Specialty, and Every Employer seemed to Require an Expert in his Line.

The Other, from his Earliest Youth, bent all his Energies toward Learning to play the Piano. He studied at Home and Abroad with Greatest Masters, and he Achieved Wonderful Success. But as he was about to Begin his Triumphant and Profitable Career, he had the

Misfortune to lose both Thumbs in a Railway Accident.

Thus he was Deprived of his Intended Means of Earning a Living, and as he had no other Accomplishment he was Forced to Subsist on Charity.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that a Jack of all Trades is Master of None, and that It Is Not Well to put All our Eggs in One Basket.

The Two Housewives

Once on a Time there were Two Housewives who must Needs go to Market to purchase the Day's Supplies.

One of Them, who was of a Dilatory Nature, said:

"I will not Hurry Myself, for I Doubt Not the Market contains Plenty for all who come."

She therefore Sauntered Forth at her Leisure, and on reaching the Market she found to her Dismay that the Choicest Cuts and the Finest Produce had All been Sold, and there remained for her only the Inferior Meats and Some Withered Vegetables.

The Other, who was One of the Hustling, Wide-awake Sort, said:

"I will Bestir myself Betimes and Hasten

to Market that I may Take my Pick ere my Neighbors appear on the Scene."

She did so, and when she Reached the Market she Discovered that the Fresh Produce had not yet Arrived, and she must Content herself with the Remnants of Yesterday's Stock.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that The Early Bird Gets the Worm, and that There Are Always as Good Fish In the Sea as Ever were Caught.

The Two Automobilists

Once on a Time there were Two Young Men, each of whom Bought an Automobile.

One Young Man, being of a Bold and Audacious nature, said:

"I will make my Machine go so Fast, that I will break all Previous Records."

Accordingly, he did So, and he Flew through the Small Town like a Red Dragon Pursuing his Prey.

Unheeding all Obstacles in his Mad Career, his Automobile ran into a Wall of Rock, and was dashed to Pieces. Also, the young Man was killed.

The Other Young Man, being of a Timorous and Careful Disposition, started off with great Caution and Rode at a Slow Pace, pausing now and then, Lest he might Run into Something.

The Result was, that Two Automobiles and an Ice Wagon ran into him from behind, spoiling his Car and Killing the Cautious Young Man.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches Us, The More Haste The Less Speed, and Delays Are Dangerous.

The Two Business Men

Once on a Time two Business Men were Each Confronted with what seemed to be a Fine Chance to Make Money.

One Man, being of a Cautious and Prudent Nature, said: "I will not Take Hold of this Matter until I have Carefully Examined it in All its Aspects and Inquired into All its Details."

While he was thus Occupied in a thorough Investigation he Lost his Chance of becoming a Partner in the Project, and as It proved to be a Booming Success, he was Much Chagrined.

The Other Man, when he saw a Golden Opportunity Looming Up Before him, Embraced it at once, without a Preliminary Question or Doubt.

But alas! after he had Invested all his

Fortune in it, the Scheme proved to be Worthless, and he Lost all his Money.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that you should Strike While the Iron is Hot, and Look Before you Leap.

The Two Husbands

Once on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom married the Woman of his Choice. One Man devoted all his Energies to Getting Rich.

He was so absorbed in Acquiring Wealth that he worked Night and Day to Accomplish his End.

By this Means he lost his Health, he became a Nervous Wreck, and was so Irritable and Irascible that his Wife Ceased to live with him and Returned to her Parents' House.

The Other Man made no Efforts to Earn Money, and after he had Spent his own and his Wife's Fortunes, Poverty Stared them in the Face.

Although his Wife had loved him Fondly, she could not Continue her affection toward

One who could not Support her, so she left him and Returned to her Childhood's Home.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that the Love of Money is the Root of All Evil, and that When Poverty Comes In At the Door, Love Flies Out Of the Window.

The Economical Pair

Once on a Time there was a Man and his Wife who had Different Ideas concerning Family Expenditures.

The Man said: "I am Exceedingly Economical; although I spend Small Sums here and there for Cigars, Wines, Theater Tickets, and Little Dinners, yet I do not buy me a Yacht or a Villa at Newport."

But even with these Praiseworthy Principles, it soon Came About that the Man was Bankrupt.

Whereupon he Reproached his Wife, who Answered his Accusations with Surprise.

"Me! My dear!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Exceedingly Economical. True, I Occasionally buy me a Set of Sables or a Diamond Tiara, but I am Scrupulously Care-

ful about Small Sums; I Diligently unknot all Strings that come around Parcels, and Save Them, and I use the Backs of old Envelopes for Scribbling-Paper. Yet, somehow, my Bank-Account is also Exhausted."

MORALS:

This Fable teaches to Take Care of the Pence and the Pounds will Take Care of Themselves, and that we Should Not Be Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.

The Two Pedestrians

Once on a time there were two Men, one of whom was a Good Man and the other a Rogue.

The Good Man one day saw a Wretched Drunkard endeavoring to find his way Home.

Being most kind-hearted, the Good Man assisted the Wretched Drunkard to his feet and accompanied him along the Highway toward his Home.

The Good Man held fast the arm of the Wretched Drunkard, and the result of this was that when the Wretched Drunkard lurched giddily the Good Man perforce lurched too.

Whereupon, as the Passing Populace saw the pair, they said: "Aha! Another good man gone wrong," and they Wisely Wagged their Heads.

Now the Bad Man of this tale, being withal

of a shrewd and canny Nature, stood often on a street corner, and engaged in grave conversation with the Magnates of the town.

To be sure, the Magnates shook him as soon as possible, but in no wise discouraged he cheerfully sauntered up to another Magnate. Thus did he gain a Reputation of being a friend of the Great.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches us that A Man is known by the Company he Keeps, and that We Must not Judge by Appearances.

The Two Prisoners

Once upon a time there were two Prisoners at the bar, who endeavored to plead for themselves with Tact and Wisdom.

One concealed certain Facts prejudicial to his Cause; upon which the Judge said: "If you had Confessed the Truth it would have Biased me in your Favor; as it is, I Condemn you to Punishment."

The other stated his Case with absolute Truth and Sincerity, concealing Nothing; and the result was that he was Condemned for his Misdemeanors.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that Honesty is the Best Policy, and that the Truth should not Be spoken at All Times.

More Mixed Maxims

Circumstances alter kisses.

He loves best who loves last.

Actions lie louder than words.

Too many cooks boil the broth.

Invitation is the sincerest flattery.

Alliteration is the thief of rhyme.

One man's fish is another man's *poisson*.

It is more blessed to call than to receive.

Man's importunity is woman's opportunity.

Contentment is always on the next step above.

Happiness is always a memory or an anticipation.

A good cook is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Pegasus is often urged on by the spur of the moment.

A critic is a necessary evil, and criticism is an evil necessity.

A cynic is a man who looks at the world with a monocle in his mind's eye.

A blunder at the right moment is better than cleverness at the wrong time.

LIMERICKS

Love

'Tis said, woman loves not her lover
So much as she loves his love of her;
Then loves she her lover
For love of her lover,
Or love of her love of her lover?

And Yet Another

"I am willing to give you a show,
But are these all the rôles that you know?"
The manager cried.
And the actor replied,
"Sirrah! No, sir; I know 'Cyrano'!"

The Tutor

A Tutor who tooted the flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

The 4:04 Train

"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny;
"Four tickets I'll take. Have you any?"
Said the man at the door:
"Not four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."

The Irishman at the Lunch-Counter

"I lift home at tin minutes to eight,
For I wanted tin minutes to ate;
Me thrain goes at 9:09,
And now it's nigh nine,
So there shtill is tin minutes to wait."

The Old Lady From Dover

There was an old lady of Dover
Who baked a fine apple turnover.
But the cat came that way,
And she watched with dismay
The overturn of her turnover.

A Word Can-Can

A canner exceedingly canny
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

English as She is Spelled

There was a young fellow named Knollys,
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;
He jumped and he ran,
This clever young man,
And often he took pleasant kstrollys.

A very polite man named Hawarden
Went out to plant flowers in his gawarden.
If he trod on a slug,
A worm, or a bug,
He said: "My dear friend, I beg pawarden!"

A lady who lived by the Thames
Had a gorgeous collection of ghames.
She had them reset
In a large coronet
And a number of small diadhames.

There was an old lady named Brougham,
Who sat in a very dark rougham.
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared
Because of the gathering glougham.

There was an old farmer named Wemyss,
Who had some ridiculous schemyss.
His horses he sold,
And then, I am told,
Drove nothing at all but ox-temyss.

There was an old fellow of Norwich,
Who was awfully fond of cold porwich.
As it never was served,
He quietly observed:
"I 'll go into the pantry and forwich."

Said a bad little youngster named Beauchamp:
"Those jelly-tarts, how shall I reauchamp?
To my parents I 'd go,
But they always say 'No,'
No matter how much I beseauchamp."

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